THE LAST OF THE PLANTAGENETS:

A TRAGIC DRAMA,

In Three Acts.

BY CAROLINE M. KETELTAS.

FOUNDED ON THE ROMANCE OF THAT NAME,
BY WILLIAM HESELTINE,
OF TURRET HOUSE, SOUTH LAMBETH, ENGLAND.

THE DRAMA WAS WRITTEN IN 1830.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE TO THE DRAMA.

The author of the following dramatic sketch has been induced (although the term may seem a strange one), to minds wedded to the popular opinions of Richard Third's character; *from a Christian motive*, to endeavor to rescue it from some of the odium which now rests upon it: thus, somewhat aiding the research, and amiable idea of Mr. Heseltine in his very interesting romance, "The Last of the Plantagenets." The anathema of Shakspeare, on him who should touch his ashes, would seem, at the first view, to apply with equal force to his writings; but Shakspeare, though the first of geniuses, was a mortal; therefore, liable to error and prejudice. Historians differ in their estimate and catalogue of Richard's crimes; and experience of the human heart, its strange mixture of good and evil; its generous throb; its cold or dark intent, moving it simultaneously, would preclude the possibility, that such a monster as Richard Third, ever existed, and why stands he in crime thus branded and alone? Henry Eighth, for instance, what plea had he to urge for murders, cruel and unjust? None. With regard to the

authenticity of the existence of such a person as Richard Plantagenet, son of Richard Third, Mr. Heseltine offers nothing, but that manuscripts were found in some old castle, setting forth that such a person lived, and sustained a life of obscurity, by manual labor. There is nothing *impossible* in the statement; but as Mr. Heseltine clothes his hero with romance, your dramatist may be allowed the same privilege.

New York, November, 1844.

PROLOGUE.

(SPOKEN BY RICHARD PLANTAGENET.)

A Statue, or Bust of Shakspeare, is seen, to which RICHARD *kneels, saying :*

Pardon! blest shade! that step of mine should dare
To tread—where imprints of thy footsteps are—
I tremble—falter—yet a whisper hear—
"Thought, is Heaven's gift,—and never should know fear"—
Thanks! noble shade! so vast thy wond'rous mind—
Could doubt, one moment so my judgment blind?
As even to dream—thou 'dst not extend thy hand,
Warm with each impulse of thy nature bland,
Unto Prince Richard—bid him the shame forget,
His sire bequeathed—"The Last Plantagenet,"
And live——he will, till Time shall cease to be—
Inspired! Shakspeare! worshipping of Thee!

[RICHARD *rises, and addresses the audience and stage.*

Ye! who have opened Nature's teeming page,
And given the *readings* of a long passed age,
Blent with the *notes* of ages more refined—
Though not with choicer visions of the mind—

Here rest! the memory of your touching "Lear,"
Your "Fair Ophelia"—"Juliet," ever dear;
Byron's frail "Werner" in Macready's vein,
Kean! Forrest! Kemble! Tree! and Payne!
Sweet, sweet the tears, we gave your noble art!
Which aims to touch, to soothe, to *mend* the heart.
In Greece, the Muses' and bright Freedom's home,
Arose the Drama's sky-roofed, star-lit Dome—
And on its altars burned the *Attic* glow
Her bards awoke—two thousand years ago:
The incense claimed *Susarion's mirthful* name,
And *Thespis' tears*, both fed the deathless flame!
Thus, not alone to Thee sublime in wo,
Melpomene, must we the Wreath bestow—
Thalia claims an equal title here—
For joyous Laugh—as thy subduing Tear—
And Memory lingers—in a fond review
Of those who gave (the *Comic Mask*) so true;
Or held alike, the Mirror to the mind;
With caustic wit, or sentiment refined—
Here Placide stood—the monarch on his Throne,
And Clara Fisher was herself alone.
May here, the *Mimic Art*, to Nature true,
Reflect the traits, her Bards have called to view—
Awake their Harp, to lash the bold and vain,
Soothe, with its pathos, poverty, and pain,
Bring back the rose, to cheeks that Love has paled,
And give to Glory, all its armor mailed.
Severe their task, to satisfaction give,
Who, on the changing tide of favor live—
But if success should crown the Actor's days—
How blest! Life's Curtain falls—that falls, 'mid Praise.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

RICHARD THIRD, (King of England.)
RICHARD, (his Son, by a private marriage.)
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, (his Son.)
SIR GILBERT DE MOUNTFORD.
ST. LEGER. { Pursuivant at Arms, (called Le Blanc Sanglier.)
ROGER WALKELYN, (Superior of St. Mary's Priory.)
JANKIN STOUP, (Master of the Hostel Le Blanc Sanglier.)
EUGENIO, (Page to King Richard.)

EARL OF RICHMOND, { (afterwards Henry Seventh of England.)
EARL OF PEMBROKE, (his Uncle.)
EARL OF OXFORD.
LORD STANLEY.
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, { (Standard Bearer to Earl of Richmond.)
SIR REGINALD BRAY, { (who placed the Crown on Richmond.)
ABBOT OF BERMONDSEY.
Monks, Nuns, Soldiers, Citizens, Attendants, &c. &c.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, (widow Edward Fourth of England.)
PRINCESS ELIZABETH, (her Daughter.)
BRIDGET, (the Lady Bride, (her Daughter.)
SIBYL.

ACT I.—Scene I.

MILFORD HAVEN. VIEW OF SHIPPING, ETC., ETC.

Enter Earl of Richmond, Pembroke, Oxford, Brandon, Bray.

Richmond. My faithful friends! this Milford Haven's sure a haven blest; which holds such hearts, as now come forth, to greet a wanderer like me.

Brandon. Those hearts, too long oppressed, now seek in you, the one whom heaven has sent as their deliverer.

Bray. In pious England, famed for faith and monks, a voice from heaven most surely must be heard; and mine responds its tone.

Oxford. And mine, though now I may not say how well the Earl of Richmond merits that we have to give —a Crown.

Richmond. He has no words for so much trust, but should his Arms, uphold his gratitude, King Henry never will forget this hour.

Pembroke. Nephew, time will show, how true, or false, our honeyed words, which now have breath—my hope is full; meantime I lead to some refreshment, after perils dire, by sea, and perils yet to come, by land. My Lords! my mansion opes its doors for you.

Richmond. And there we'll drink to good king Richard's health! and his fair niece, the Rose of York!

[*Exeunt* RICHMOND, &c.

SCENE SECOND.

Distant view of a Convent. Monks and Nuns cross the back part of the Stage, bearing a bier, and chanting.

Rest thee; rest thee; sister kind!
Though we bear thy form to earth,
Thou wilt soon the waking find—
Promised to the second birth. Ave Maria!
Lovely flower! of early blow—
Free from stain, thou'st passed away—
We, who yet, must sorrow know—
Weep, we cannot trace thy way. Ave Maria!

[*The Procession passes off.* WALKELYN *and* RICHARD *remain.*

Walkelyn. You are strangely moved, my son, tell your fond Walkelyn, whence the cause—

Richard. Did you not see her, father?

Walkelyn. Aye! and she was fair; death is sad to view, when the young heart is full of life!

Richard. I do not mean our sister dead, but she—

Walkelyn. Whom do you mean?

Richard. Bridget, in the white robes of a Novice.

Walkelyn. Bridget?

Richard. Yes, the sweet angel of my dreams! with eyes, blue as yon chamber in the sky; tresses, like to the fleece of the young lambs, and step of a young queen—she who calls to me each night, "Richard! come to play!"

Walkelyn. You have strong memories, Richard, tell me, my gentle son, how far they reach unto the past—tell your Walkelyn, all that joys or grieves your heart.

Richard. I cannot tell—I count but seventeen years, and yet I seem quite old in memory—there are upon its tablet graved forms that are dear, and others that seem strange to me. One comes to me, like her we bury now—her voice is sweet, and says, farewell! there is a warrior, too, a dazzling robe he wore, and (*shuddering*) there is a dark, dark woman, that did frown upon me, and chide dear Bridget, for loving me so well—explain these memories to me, dear, dear Walkelyn!

Walkelyn. (*Much moved and agitated.*) I may not now, but come, the funeral train will miss our presence.

Richard. Oh! let us haste to join it; Bridget, perhaps, will speak to me—

Walkelyn. Perhaps;——come; my son!

[WALKELYN *and* RICHARD *pass off.*

SCENE THIRD—THE PALACE.

King and De Mountford.

King. And Harry Richmond, then, now dwells in British hearts?

De Mountford. So will the Fates.

King. Fate is the coward's doom, how stands our force?

De Mountford. Why, strong, as yet, most names of weight are ours.

King. Most names! the fickle knaves; they know me not! and thinking that they do, give unto Richard's name, deeds, that he wots not of; they reason with their own bad natures, and scant want of sense, that as no reptile comes without its mate, so Richard, not yet ripe, 'tis true; for heaven must count his murders, as he would his beads——to-morrow, we will meet in council, go you among the people, good De Mountford, and tell men they are true, though knowing them all false!—is 't not a pity, and a sin, Gilbert De Mountford, that these saints should change their creed at pleasure? to-day, shout Richard! and the next, Harry of Lancaster! but, by Plantagenet! our Harry Second, culled in the Holy Land, and made to blossom in the House of York, I, now its head; I'll send this upstart sprig of royalty to find a Crown, within another world.

De Mountford. My duty's always for my Sovereign King.

King. I know it, good Sir Gilbert—then up! and still be doing for him—the spider, have you never marked, thinks that she spins unseen, untouched, her beamless house, an adverse wind, a knife like this (KING *draws his sword*) scatters it to nought! Go, good Sir Gilbert, and information gather how madam worm proceeds in her fine web.

[*Exit* DE MOUNTFORD.

King. Chary of words! I fear me you are like the rest—"my duty's always for my Sovereign King," as such I trust it long will be King Richard's. I'll go to sound the widow queen, for though she hates this twig of Lancaster's reviving tree, her weeds hang cumbrous round her heart, where wasted power still prays upon its core; there is a yesty quality within these Woodvilles, that fain would leaven the whole land, and she consume its loaf. Elizabeth remains unto the House of York—she is my niece—what would the Abbot good of Bermondsey declare if I should wed her Anathema! But I would whisper in his ear, that my loved Clara, my angel wife! most strangely died—her close attendants but himself and lady queen. I'll woo Elizabeth, although a sin unto the holy ones, who kill for *conscience* sake, and fill their coffers, should all others starve—should I fail there, my son, blossom! of her who scorned me not, that nature made me not fair in feature, and in form, as her sweet self; shall now come forth, and should I fall, within the coming strife—rise a young Phœnix! from his Sire's ashes, Richard the Fourth. Ha! ha! These Woodvilles!

[*Exit* KING.

SCENE FOURTH—A ROYAL APARTMENT.

Princess Elizabeth on a Couch. A voice is heard, accompanying a Guitar.

Earth teems with flowers, fair to sight,
And bloom, and breath of heaven!

But England's Rose! of peerless white,
The queen of flowers! hath Flora given,
Lady love!

Knights of valor at thy feet
Lay their lance, and reckless thought
My faithful heart, I pray thou greet—
Some laurels, from a far-land brought,
Lady love!

Elizabeth. Some love-sick minstrel chants his lay, in these rough times, 'tis sweet to wander back to bright romance, the Troubadour, and love, which since the time of him, "The Lion Heart," has been forgot with us—ah! Berengaria, a happy fate was thine! yet no! too much of war, drowned the soft note of song.

Enter Queen Elizabeth.

Queen. What sound like minstrelsy, was that I heard? I fear some foolish thought is in your heart, like unto Bridget's, who can ne'er forget the childish days she passed with that dead boy, some think the Crook-back's son.

Elizabeth. I've read of such a thing as love, but, gentle mother, you have ta'en good care its accents sweet should never reach my ear—no, I am doomed to wed, and patch a crown, so worn and dimmed with blood, no gem is seen; if my good Uncle will but take the shred, and eke it out with my poor thread of life—so runs your plan—but are you sure, Richard, the boy, is dead?

Queen. All say he is.

Elizabeth. Hum! Tout le monde! et son femme!

Queen. (*Confused.*) I chided all too soon—but I am over-anxious for your fate, Elizabeth. Did not the minstrel speak of foreign lands? perhaps he was the Earl of Richmond? You know he is in England?

Enter Abbot of Bermondsey.

Abbot. Within, your pardon, lady! your ear upon the instant—much, much of import I have there to pour—

Queen. Await me in my oratory!

[*Exit* ABBOT.

Queen. Be reasonable, Elizabeth—your father was a king; the Tower still opens for the heart that will not bend—

Elizabeth. Stained with the blood of my sweet brothers—would'st send me there?

Queen. No, no, I did but jest—go to your chamber, while I seek our Holy Father.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* ELIZABETH.

SCENE FIFTH—A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley, and Citizens.

Lord Stanley. My friends! the times call forth a voice that now should speak; too long has he, who feigning, boasts of truth, upheld this realm; dark acts

of guilt appal our souls! and bid us seek another hand to guide; which, if it hold not that we wish, at least will for a time, suspend our shame.

Sir Wm. Stanley. A shame that rests upon ourselves, and history will hand to ages down.

First Citizen. Men differ widely in their view of this —what are the crimes that call for vengeance; princes have died, 'tis true, but who can say *that* was the hand which sent them to their reckoning?

Second Citizen. Another cries usurper! while he they would should fill his place, claims no fair title to a vacant throne.

Lord Stanley. The cause is heaven's and chill delay in showing that it is, shows hearts of fear! Long live Henry Seventh!

Enter other Citizens.

Citizens. Long live Henry Seventh!

First Citizens. Let's see this new pretender to a crown—

Lord Stanley. He waits to meet his friends. Come friends and welcome Harry Richmond to Old England!

Second Citizens. Old England! and its Harry Seventh!

[*Exeunt the* STANLEYS *and* CITIZENS.

SCENE SIXTH—GARDEN OF A CONVENT—MOONLIGHT.

Richard and the Lady Bride.

Richard. And could they be so cruel, dearest Bridget, as part us now, now that we've met again, now that our childish love has ripened into all love's beauty, by knowledge and by reason—young birds we were, dwelling within one nest, fed from one bill, blest, blest! we were —but now we've wings—shall we not fly? fly, dearest Bridget, from these cruel ones!

Bridget. I am the Lady Bride; fly, we could not, from man; and dearest! would you have me fly from heaven?

Richard. Bridget! thy eyes are the blue heaven to which I've knelt, and prayed, as the pure angel who should lead my sinful heart unto its Maker; though Walkelyn thought he shrived an almost sinless soul—and said, "not for *thy* sin, my son," who then has sinned more than myself? know you, Bridget.

Bridget. (*Weeping.*) I may not say.

Richard. Thus, thus I'm ever answered—tell me, dear Bridget, if you know—who am I——?

Bridget. I'm taught to think, the son of one whose hand has doomed my house to death.

Richard. Then I am not his son, for I would give my poor, poor life, to bring it once more into being. But you speak riddles to me, Bridget. I was an infant when we parted; and ten years in a monastery's shade has given me nothing of the world's employments. Aye! I

can have no place there, wrapped in the mystery that I am.

Bridget. That world believes you dead.

Richard. And why?

Bridget. My answer, dearest, would betray my promise to my mother, and, perhaps, bring wo, nay death upon our head. One! only one can aid us, Richard, in our great despair—my every thought of love is thine! be patient.

Richard. Who is your Mother, Bridget?

Bridget. Elizabeth! late Queen of England!

Richard. The wife of him whom Richard murdered.

Bridget. (*Covering her face with her veil.*) Curse! curse him not! he is —— —— my uncle ——

[*Convent bell rings for Vespers,* RICHARD *remains in stupor and silence.*

Farewell! dear Richard—much too long I've staid! Richard! hear you not steps? Away! away!

[*Exit the* LADY BRIDE.

Richard. Bridget! ha! gone, beloved? where have my senses wandered? but I will live no longer in this sad unknowingness of what I am—Walkelyn shall tell—and yet Bridget a princess! this knowledge gained, may show a wider, ruder sea, than yet has rolled between us (RICHARD *extends his arms towards the convent.*) Farewell! dear Bridget! if *I have a name,* its power shall tear you from yon iron walls.

[*Exit* RICHARD.

SCENE SEVENTH—PEMBROKE HALL.

Earl of Richmond.

Richmond. Fly! fly, ye hours! which bring me to the day, whose close, I trust will see the Rose of Lancaster once more wreathed round the crown of England; 'tis true, the Princess, if kind unto my suit, must blend the hated one of York. She yet denies me access to her favor, and courtesy but small she'll have from me, if I'm her husband; she, so reluctantly, my wife; these tonsured monks, too short time they'll have to drain the purses of the land, when I am king——

[*Enter* EARL OF OXFORD.

I greet your presence! what omens hover for King Henry?

Oxford. Many, many, nay, all bids fair for your success, my Lord, the Stanleys are your own, there's much revolt among the people; whispers, that many of King Richard's friends, thus far, desire a change; I, at the least, doubt not the Field of Bosworth holds a crown for you.

Richmond. God speed and bless the issue! And now unto a gentler theme, the fair Elizabeth; deigns she, at last, to see her minstrel knight? ha! ha! we made but slight escape, the first time that we wooed in song; fine theme it would have been for Richard's wit, if we'd been trapped a singing to our "Lady Love."

Oxford. The Lady Queen is busy with the maiden's heart, and your desert; the Princess is most sad, just now, at parting from the Lady Bride her sister destined

for heaven (through the cloister), most sweetly says, Bermondsey's proud Abbot, some tongues say otherwise: that Richard, our dear king, once found a maiden who o'erlooked his want of charms, and gave to him a son, who in his infancy was cradled, happened how it did, ev'n with this Lady Bride, and that her mother thinking she saw a love between them, that in future years might trouble her rich brain, had Bridget trained within a Convent, and now its Abbot claims her as his own.

Richmond. Does the boy live ?

Oxford. Some say he does, some not, it would seem strange, if living, that his father thus keeps him out of view, but then he knows the hatred of the queen unto the boy; why so strong none guess.

Richmond. It had been as well, if this poor boy had ne'er been born.

Oxford. Should you wish so, my lord, I'll seek what information I may get upon that head.

Richmond. Ha! ha! ha! not so bad; but we will seek my uncle, his head is older and much wiser than my own; Allons! my lord.

[*Exeunt* RICHMOND *and* OXFORD.

SCENE EIGHTH—A CONVENT PARLOR.

Princess Elizabeth and Lady Bride.

Elizabeth. Both, both are doomed, you to a convent's gloom, and I, perhaps, a deeper gloom, that of wedded life, without affection; peace will, at least, be yours.

Lady Bride. No, no, my vow will be a mockery to heaven! (*She covers her face with her veil.*) Sister! I've met him once again, more beautiful he is than words could paint, and gifted as he's beautiful; Richard! my childhood's tender playmate, we love!

Elizabeth. Ha! where did you meet?

Lady Bride. Upon that journey for my health, we met; he has been with the good Prior of St. Mary's Brotherhood since our young hearts were severed: he knows not of his birth. I have one hope remaining; rumor has reached me that the Earl of Richmond has small faith in monks and holy houses; whispers have met my ear that this great haste in having me professed, moves to that issue. Richmond once king, and your fond husband, might set aside my mother's dark intent, to bury me while living.

Elizabeth. Ah! dearest one! you reason with hope's argument; no doubt the knowledge that poor Richard lives, your mutual love revealed, would only speed the thought of closing you within these walls for ever, and give him to death; neither the Queen, nor Bermondsey would hesitate at either deed. One only hope remains, the king may conquer in the coming struggle; but could you, dearest, wed with Richard, son of him, they say, dyed his foul hands with our dear father's and our brother's blood?

Lady Bride. He did it not; or, if he did, Richard's no son of his; so pure, so noble is he, he must be all his mother; no trait of mind or person is King Richard's. Who! who could have been that mother?

Enter Nun.

Nun. (*To* ELIZABETH.) Lady, your carriage waits.

[*Exit.*

Lady Bride. Go my beloved, be happy if you may; your noble brow and mind of power were formed to grace a throne; yes, yes, the Sibyl's sight was true. "You are to blend the factious Roses," enough for me love's Bower!—pray to our mother, that she yield me yet some time before I take my vows—tell her my soul is not prepared to meet its God!—tell her to wander back to girlish years, when love was all her thought—how that the noble youth, Earl Grey, wooed and won her hand—tell her her future fate was on a Throne and given her by my father—tell her to pity me, she dooms to solitude and death.

Elizabeth. You break my heart.

Lady Bride. Farewell, farewell.

[*The* SISTERS *embrace and exit at opposite sides.*

SCENE NINTH—A STREET—(*night*)—SENTRY ON GUARD.

Sentry. 'Tis sure a piteous night! more dark and chill than well becomes the season, and the harvest moon; hold! the Countersign!

Enter second Sentry.

Second Sentry. Richard!

First Sentry. Richard! and welcome to the Post! I'm weary of it, something is wrong within, or 'tis the cause without. I wish that Kings would lie in quiet beds, or let the ones that like them, find repose.

Second Sentry. Ah! comrade! as the sailors say, "lies the wind in that sweet quarter," but the Glory that the mighty kings and conquerors of earth, give unto us, its herd, you pass—they *cannot* sleep, we *must* not sleep, see you not there a balance true?

First Sentry. Then let them wake! one man inherits a bright crown—another steals it from him—and soon there comes another, saying give it me—he is a thief! you call your King—yes! yes! the knaves! they all love crowns! but slow they are to give a crown! I've those at home who want my pence; and duty calls me there.

[*Exit suddenly.*

Second Sentry. Old Jack speaks sense—(*looks around*)—King Richard, take my Post—I too will seek a Crown! and find if Harry Richmond holds *the key to hearts.*

[*Sentry passes out.*

Enter De Mountford.

De Mountford. What ho! Guard! all silent? Treachery's abroad—bad omen! for King Richard.

[*Exit* De Mountford.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.—Scene I.

A Parlor. Walkelyn *and* Richard.

Walkelyn. My child, but no, you have outlived the child, and feel within your soul a man's full strength, if my fond wish and that of him who loves you well, should call it forth. Oft as you've asked the history of your life, my promise made unto your guardian ten years since, did not permit me to reveal it to you—nor can I yet—think not this cruelty—Richard! thou art the only tie of earth between my soul and Heaven—and I will ever watch me o'er you—as fortune had it willed—had made him who gave you life—but we are near in blood, this hand bestowed your mother on your father—she was my sister full in love—though not in blood, we had two sires.

Richard. I knew by my fond love—your more than father's love and care for me that this was so—oh! my dear Walkelyn, will this mystery that hangs around my name ever permit your son to pay one fibre of the robe of gratitude, in which you've clothed his heart? but tell me! tell me who is he who thus holds these poor limbs in bondage—this heart in darkness?—the soul is free-born!—it hath wings.

Walkelyn. It hath—and should misfortune ever overtake my son and Walkelyn not be near—then let those wings seek his true heart once more, and in the peaceful light of his poor dwelling forget it ever knew another home.

Richard. Father! what mean you? what mystery new awaits me?—none, none so sad, I trust, as that which parts us—parts us!—all, all is parting, for the wretched youth without a name but Richard—Mother, Bridget, Sire, Walkelyn, all, ring in my ear that knell!

Walkelyn. My son, you have one friend who never will forsake you—within whose bosom the ties and thoughts of earth are lost in the effulgence of his glory and his love!

Richard. Forgive me, father, and pity my sad state.

Walkelyn. Within these papers is contained your birth, your name, your fair estates—each duly stated and made firm in law; I am to keep them until your guardian claims them, or delegates you to receive them—tomorrow's dawn must find you on your way to him, and I shall follow on your steps, dear son.

Richard. My soul is all in tumult—fear, hope, joy, sorrow, fill it by turns, dear Walkelyn!

Walkelyn. God's will be done—but hope on still, my son! the dove still sanctifies just hopes.

Richard. Lead me as you will, dear father.

Walkelyn. Let us unto the altar, and seek our Patron Mother's ear—pour forth our prayers and humble sense of our unworthiness of blessings past and those to come!

[*Exit* WALKELYN *and* RICHARD.

SCENE SECOND—HOSTEL OF "LE BLANC SANGLIER."

Soldiers without—(singing)—they knock at the door.

Within, within the "White Boar's" head,
Good host, come now appear,
We're faint and worn, our comrade dead,
Open! and give us cheer.
[*Host singing within.*
What knaves are ye that come so bold
To break a good man's rest?
My bread is stale, my bacon old,
My ale, none of the best.
[*Soldiers singing without.*
We know it, good old Jankin Stoup,
Have money to buy better—
Come, help our dead man off the Crup;
Your dog may have him, let her—
[*Jankin singing within.*
Away! away, ye foreign rogues—
I guess you by your lingo—
And by the White Boar's sharp nailed brogues,
He, he shall mix your stingo.

Soldiers break in the windows—JANKIN STOUP *comes forward with his household, peasants, &c.—a fight ensues—they beat off the intruders.*

Jankin. A pretty doing, truly; these knaves are, no doubt, for this French Prince, come to rule old England—but never shall he put his saucy Rose upon the cheek of one that's true to England and King Richard—"*Le Blanc Sanglier.*" Let's in and finish supper.

Jankins enters with the others (*singing.*)

My bread is fresh, my bacon prime,
My ale is of the best.

SCENE THIRD—THE PALACE—(NIGHT.)

King Richard at a table sealing papers—(*a sword on it.*)

King. These for my son—ah! a tear? I never wept but once—'twas when his mother left me for her home in Heaven! as say the priests—Eugenio!

Enter Page.

Who called my name but now?

Page. I nothing heard, or 'twas, perhaps, the Guard exchanging Countersigns, that named my Liege.

King. True, true; what is your age, Eugenio?

Eugenio. Near seventeen years, my Liege.

King. That is a tender age to meet the world and all its wickedness; here, take this purse, and go to rest again.

[*Exit* PAGE.

'Tis strange that I who never bent to man, should now all trembling shrink within myself, and superstition chain me in her grasp. [*King starts.*] Ha! Richard! again, Clara! my only love! and saint to whom I've prayed, whose accents charmed my ear, and stayed my hand from crime, what would'st thou?

[*Noise is heard of steps approaching.*

King. (*Seizing his sword.*) Richmond! hold! for your life!

Enter De Mountford.

Ha! De Mountford; you've brought the boy?

De Mountford. He is without.

King. Leave us, De Mountford, till I summon you.

[DE MOUNTFORD *retires.*

Come hither, boy.

[RICHARD *advances*—KING *takes his hand and surveys him closely.*]

King. You're very tall for seventeen—I must no longer call you boy; I reckon, gentle Friar, you wot far more of Beads than Swords?

Richard. I do, most noble sir.

King. (*Starts.*) Her very voice, her soft blue eye, her noble brow, and form of symmetry, he is all hers—who is your father, youth? Right proud he sure must be of such a son.

Richard. Walkelyn has promised oft to tell me of my father, but has not given as yet such joy to my poor heart. But do you, noble sir—ah, do you know?

King. How should I? Know you who I am?

[RICHARD *falls at the* KING'S *feet.*

Richard. You are a King!

King. Sweet youth, why think you so?

Richard. Oh! such a majesty is yours—your eyes of fire, your words of power, your bearing all unlike to that which I have seen.

King. Why, dearest youth, men do not view me with your flattering eyes—they call me "Crook-Back."

Richard. (*Starts from his knees.*) Are you then Richard?

King. Richard; and you were named from me.

Richard. You are the warrior then—my memory gives with that bright angel in my fadeless dream—who, who was she?

King. (*Passing his hand across his eyes.*) An angel!

Richard. (*Greatly confused and distressed.*) Will you not deign, King Richard, to tell me of my father?—you know not what deep grief it is to own no name—to never know a father's love.

King. (*Greatly moved and aside.*) I must not yield compliance to this fond request—and yet my heart is on my tongue—but knowledge at this time of who he is, might peril the dear youth.

Richard. My King, you do not answer me.

King. I cannot now.

Richard. That *now*'s the demon that has ever crossed my path to hope and joy.

King. The future—then we well may hope will bring an angel to exorcise the bad one—shall it be, Bridget?

Richard. Bridget! oh! where is she?

King. *I cannot answer now*—but well I know that love she you as well as woman e'er loved man, she loves not half as well as she who gave you birth loved your fond sire,

Richard. Thus, will I love him too!

King. You will, by her pure soul in Heaven?

Richard. I will—

King. Well! well! the oath 's in Heaven!—here, take this ring, a secret spring touched thus, will tell the names of both your parents,—but on the penalty of his displeasure ope it not, until King Richard is no more—or opes it for you—these papers, Walkelyn is to keep for you—this purse is yours to use at will—my time is not my own—we now must part—to meet, I trust, with him who calls you son—he who would die for you. De Mountford!

[*Enter* De Mountford.

See that my strict commands about this youth are all obeyed. Farewell, sweet youth.

[Richard *falls at the* King's *feet.*

Richard. You are so kind in words, my King, and move my heart so strangely, I would pray you let me stay, and live and die for you.

King. It may not be—farewell, farewell!

[*Exeunt* Richard *and* De Mountford.

King. For love, for hate, a kingdom, life, I'll fight,
And all their trumpet-tongues proclaim my right.

[*Exit* King.

SCENE FOURTH.

Queen Elizabeth and Abbot of Bermondsey.

Queen. The boy must be disposed of; that saucy message from the Lady Bride, conveyed to me by our fair Queen to be, has sealed his fate, braved by my children;

they taunt me that their father gave a throne to me; can I do less in fond return than make Elizabeth a Queen on earth, and Bridget a sweet Queen of Heaven?

Abbot. Surely not, daughter.

Queen. Besides, good father, 'tis a work of conscience with these children that so love it seems; my beautiful but faithless Edward praised too often and too much the charms of Clara, the mother of this Richard; she was my maid of Honor, in honor wished I that she should remain—thus I caused that poppies sweet should breathe around her couch. Richard, I deem, is Edward's son—the Crook Back was deceived.

Abbot. Believing thus, 'twas strange you suffered Richard such long time to dwell within the palace.

Queen. I knew not when she died, Clara was Gloster's wife. I kept the boy with show of kindness until such time as memory of her sudden death had passed—I feared the Duke's quick eye should fall on me—and Walkelyn ever watched me.

Abbot. This story 's very old to me—

Queen. And so is this boy Richard unto me: put him to sleep with his sweet mother. Father, how could you be so careless as to let these children meet again?

Abbot. I was not with her, and gave strict charge the Lady Bride should go not from her convent; Walkelyn contrived it all, no doubt.

Queen. Let the boy sleep.

Abbot. The Lady Bride is mine; Richmond's sure pledge, my house shall stand, if every other falls, your diamond cross shall hang upon the blessed Mary's bosom: the thousand pieces of good gold are mine?

Queen. All, all are yours when the boy sleeps.

Abbot. Farewell, dear daughter, (*speaking very loud*) your pious offering will blessings win for you from many grateful hearts. Benedicite!

[*Exit.*

Queen. Richard, farewell!

[*Exit.*

SCENE FIFTH.

A Street—Enter Sybil, chanting.

Who'll give the Sybil ear?
The spell is on her eye,
Hearts of hope draw near,
She reads your destiny.
Soon the rose with blushing cheek,

[*Enter* SOLDIERS *of* RICHMOND.

Soldiers.
Red as any beet,

Sibyl.
Shall our gentle Princess greet.

[*Enter* SOLDIERS *of* RICHARD.

Soldiers. See it beneath our feet—out, out upon thee, Hag!

[RICHARD'S *Soldiers beat off the* SIBYL—RICHMOND'S *Soldiers pursue them.*

SCENE SIXTH—A HALL OF STATE.

Duke of Norfolk, Earl Surrey, St. Leger, Pursuivant at Arms.

Norfolk. So short a time in England, yet his followers increased from paltry hundreds to thousands, who now give heart and hand for Harry Richmond as its King to be: he without the shadow of a right! What is the heart of man that it seeks ever something new, although not knowing if the novelty bring not more wo than the old garment cast aside?—because, forsooth, 'tis old! I fear me greatly in the coming struggle the King will fail; for I have marked the spirit sinks e'en with the strongest; if an undaunted face bearing an impress on it of success in future, looks on its opponent, though proud and bold from its successes past; but I, will never fail, King Richard—what say you, Surrey?

Surrey. I fear and hope, yet pant for that dear field of Bosworth, where our good King should crush this bold Lancastrian, that comes not only for a crown, but the most fair and sweet of England's flowers—Elizabeth. Could I but have the boon to break my virgin lance within his vain ambitious heart—what say you, Herald at Arms?

St. Leger. I trust to herald victory; but as your noble sire has said, appearances are much against the chance of winning.

Norfolk. Let us arouse the people once again. Surrey, go you among the fairer portion of our race, for often woman's sweet and persuasive eloquence leads with silken chain her sterner father, husband, brother, lover.

Surrey. Dear father, you forget that Richmond is both young, and form and feature favored; he has great skill in music; plays the Troubadour, not only to the Princess, but also 'twixt the acts, no doubt, to other maidens too; Richard, not young, nor over-laden with the gifts of beauty, will hardly bear comparison in their sweet eyes—now filled with bridal favors, stars, what not, among the idle gossip that I hear, is, that red Roses now are all the vogue.

And every damsel has been heard to say,
Richmond is hid within my sweet bouquet.

Norfolk. Go to, madcap—what says "Geraldine?" but poesy must bend awhile to steel; let us away, and strive against this Tudor race that comes upon us with the artifice, not of old Owen, but studied long in foreign, wily courts.

Surrey. Long live King Richard!

St. Leger. Long live King Richard!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE SEVENTH—PRINCESS ELIZABETH READING.

Enter Queen and a Gentleman.

Queen. Elizabeth, this artist craves your ear unto some music.

[*Exit.*

Elizabeth. I pray, good sir, it be a mournful theme, for I am very sad.

Artist. Love's theme should not be sad, and she whose worth and beauty waken it at will, may give my harp its tone.

Elizabeth. Sir, I'm the Princess of this realm, whose ear cannot receive such bold address.

[ARTIST *throws off a cloak and other disguise and shews a royal dress and order—he falls at the Princess' feet.*]

Elizabeth. Who are you, sir? I pray you rise.

Artist. Henry.

Elizabeth. Of Lancaster?

Richmond. I am—and minstrel knight; he who now comes with heart and hand to merry England! once, but now sunk deep in wo by Richard's bloody hand, to aid its worthy citizens to once more claim the rights of men—he who would lay his heart at its fair Princess' feet.

Elizabeth. Why, she is of the house of him your hand would crush—how! shall I prove you love, and hate its Rose?

Richmond. Oh! fair Elizabeth, name not yourself in one breath with the monster who now fills the throne.

Elizabeth. He is my uncle.

Richmond. Who murdered those most near to you?

Elizabeth. He has been ever kind to me, and murder is a crime this history sets forth that Princes never can commit, or holy monks soon shrive them fiom.

Richmond. Then let me as a holy monk now shrive your soul, for there is murder in your eyes.

Elizabeth. I think my uncle is unstained with much of that imputed to him; he is ambitious, and well may he beware, who takes the key ambition to his heart.

Richmond. Your uncle seeks your hand.

Elizabeth. He never told me so—but, Henry Richmond, we but prate—should you be King of England—

Richmond. (*Quickly.*) Your Henry Seventh?

Elizabeth. Make me staid promise on this hand, which then is yours—to set the Lady Bride, my sister, free from convent thrall—with liberty to wed both when and whom she would.

Richmond. I swear! how sweet a bond is here, love! twining love! [*He kisses the* PRINCESS' *hand.*]

Enter Queen.

Queen. Henry, you must away; time quite enough you've had to sail to Cyprus, and steal the Boy Love.

Richmond. But gracious Lady! how short—how very short the time appeared upon my journey back—thought not your Edward so?

Queen. Tut, tut, I have forgot! away!

Richmond. Fair Princess! Richmond's heart is in your hands. [*Kisses her hand.*] Lady Queen! my duty to you is my pleasure.

[*Kisses* QUEEN'S *hand and Exit.*

Queen. 'Twas very hard, no doubt, for you to say a yes, unto such gallant, handsome gentleman as Henry Richmond—

Elizabeth. (*Sighing.*) Yes, has been said too often—permit me seek the Lady Bride.

Queen. I'll seek her, too, and hear what now she thinks of me, from her own sweet, duteous lips. (*Ironically.*)

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE EIGHTH—MONASTERY OF BERMONDSEY.

Abbot in his cell at prayer.

Abbot. (*Rising.*) I once was innocent—these hands now dyed in guilt, white, white in purity as is the snow drift, ere the step of man leaves its dark foot-print on it —yes, I was innocent—till man unfolded his vile heart unto my view—then dupe or villain I was forced to be—I would not be the first, and (*groaning*) I chose the villain's part.

[*Enter* WALKELYN.

Walkelyn. Yes, wretched man—and tried to make all others like yourself—where is my child?

Abbot. Ha! Roger, welcome to my poor house!

Walkelyn. Where is my child?

Abbot. Richard, the boy you mean?

Walkelyn. My Clara's son.

Abbot. The Clara that I loved—she whose sweet smile had made me all the saint I fain would seem—whose loss made me the fiend I am—and you did this——your pride gave her to Richard—me to despair!

Walkelyn. Ambrose! well you know she loved Prince Richard—ere you made pretension to her hand—well you know King Edward wooed her with unholy thought.

Abbot. Yet he was father to this boy you call your son—

Walkelyn. What wretch has conjured up this lie?

Abbot. The Lady Queen.

Walkelyn. Ambrose, beware! my sister's death was by your hand.

Abbot. No! by the hell that opens for my crimes—no! by the mercy of my God! I could not kill; what I had loved so much!

Walkelyn. And yet you would her son?

Abbot. (*Evasively.*) I thought you were all in your books, good Roger Walkelyn, and meddled not with worldly things—why kept you not this sprig of royalty close at them too—why did you suffer him to meet the Lady Bride, and whisper love unto her ear? she the bride of Heaven.

Walkelyn. They met by accident—I nothing know more than this, and why did you, wishing them not to meet, suffer the Lady Bride to bend her steps unto the Isle of Ely?

Abbot. This, too, was accident—her feeble health required long pauses and much rest upon the tour—a sudden, fearful change in it alarmed her escort—and though all against my order strict, they chose St. Mary's neighborhood for harbor sweet and sure. (*Ironically.*)

Walkelyn. And she has it now—far, far from this.

Abbot. How?

Walkelyn. Where is Prince Richard?

Abbot. I know not!

Walkelyn. Ambrose, you cannot deceive me; the King and I know well that, by the Queen's command, you've taken him from where we thought he was bestowed in safety—the Lady Bride has fled—and she shall never be within these walls again until you give his son unto his arms, both says King Richard and his uncle Walkelyn. Ah! my dear child, perhaps ev'n now you sleep in death.

Abbot. I know not of him—the Lady Bride fled! Wretch! you have ruined me!

[*Exit.*

Walkelyn. As you have countless ones—wicked, wicked man.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.—Scene I.

Pembroke Hall—Richard confined as in a prison.

Richard. Ah! wo is me! debarred the light of day, almost the face of man, who am I? what the consequence attached to my poor lot in life, that thus I'm hunted like a stricken deer? (Richard *takes a white rose from his bosom.*) All that De Mountford would reveal to me in answer to my pressing questions after that wond'rous interview I had with my dear King, was—"Take this flower—it holds thy destiny—and if it rear its head upon the field of battle near at hand—King Richard will tell better than I may all you wish to know. Farewell! small chance there is we ever meet again—De Mountford fights with heart and hand, and always for his King." Dear Walkelyn, where is thy bosom to whose gentle pulse you bade me ever fly—should wo or pain cross future paths of life—I am a prisoner—the purse remains my Sovereign gave—but how or where to use it I know not—the Ring might tell that he forbade that I should open. (Richard *takes up a lamp and examines the ring.*) Could I be justified now in my great distress—to disobey my King—nay, more, to break my honor's promise? no!—dear Bridget! could I but see thee once again, all would be light within my heart, at least—but thou a prisoner, too! no hope is left for me!

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pembroke. Be comforted, poor youth! your thoughts are all too sad; I trust the remedies applied have soothed your wounds; the awkward knaves who brought you here were told to use no violence.

Richard. Why, am I here?

Pembroke. (*Evasively.*) Sweet youth, had you but been content to rest with good old Jankin Stoup—told all your beads and gone to sleep instead of peeping through the window, you had not been here.

Richard. I pray you suffer me to do the same once more, I'm fond of air.

Pembroke. (*Raises the window-sash.*) Now you have air—I pray you take some food—long hours you've fasted—and taste this wine; 'twill cheer your heart.

Richard. My lip's a virgin all as yet to wine—but I've a thirst upon it—its name is liberty—see you this gold—I never saw so much the ten years that I dwelt within St. Mary's—take it and make me free.

Pembroke. I'm rich enough to give to you, but cannot give you freedom.

Richard. The laws of England still protect her sons; Her King is anxious for my welfare.

Pembroke. King Richard knows no law—thus you are in this prison, and will not leave it till his head is low.

Richard. You are an aged man—fear you not then the King of kings and retribution?

Pembroke. I do, and for his sake I punish; and, poor child, I pity you.

Richard. My God! have mercy on me! (RICHARD *wrings his hands in agony, and in doing so his ring opens, and reveals the names of* RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* CLARA HOWARD—*he remains gazing on the ring in astonishment.*)

Pembroke. Your mind seems quite unsettled, youth, pray try to rest; 'tis long past midnight. (PEMBROKE *goes to the window to close it, and receives a discharge of powder in his face.*)

[*Scene closes and re-opens to a wood—Soldiers around.*

SCENE SECOND—RICHARD AND JANKIN STOUP.

Richard. My good, good Jankin, how shall I thank you for my freedom?

Jankin. I only did my duty; but now I have you, my young master, you'll not escape me soon again; I swore to set you free by my good crest, Le Blanc Sanglier; and if you visit my poor Hostel once again, I hope you'll wear that crest upon your brow. But come, we are too near old Pembroke and his prison.

Richard. Where do you lead me, Jankin?

Jankin. Ha! ha! ha! where? you will soon see.

Richard. You are my guardian angel! I follow wheresoe'er you lead.

[*Exeunt* RICHARD, JANKIN, SOLDIERS.

SCENE THIRD—QUEEN AND ABBOT OF BERMONDSEY.

Queen. Liar and villain! think you your plea of ignorance, how Bridget was conveyed from out the convent, Richard escaped his Prison, can avail with me? (*The* QUEEN *goes to the* ABBOT *and shakes him furiously.*) No! no! your head shall answer this, when Richmond's King, your Monastery and its Abbot; then will be a tale forgot as soon as told.

Abbot. I swear I know not how these evils came upon us; I neither rest, nor eat, waiting upon your pleasure as I ever waited; and still do wait.

Queen. You swear! by what, I pray?

Abbot. By murdered Clara's soul, and Richard's vengeance! Walkelyn has charged me with the murder, and if you threaten, I will reveal.

Queen. You dare not; remember Ambrose!—a truce with this child's talk—why did you leave this Richard to his father's spies, when Richmond had so nicely caged him?—why were not you as ready as they were, with purpose, and with means?

Abbot. Murder is not as readily achieved as bondage—and relief from bondage—when chains or freedom 's in the hands of Kings.

Queen. The boy must die—Bridget be soon within her convent—or, brother, for the love and service that I owe you, your skull shall grace my oratory.

Abbot. And it shall whisper in your ear through time, and through eternity, Ambrose—"Dip your finger into water, and cool my tongue, for I'm tormented in this flame!"

Queen. Out! out upon thee! bring me the boy's

corse, then, dear Ambrose, and you shall live in peace—what peace you may—I would not seek his life but that I deem him Edward's son.

Abbot. That lie, you forged, you never yet believed.

Queen. I think him Edward's son; and I'm not vile enough to let him wed his sister.

Abbot. Hug this last virtue to your heart; mercy, perhaps, will let it plead in Heaven!

Queen. The boy shall die?

Abbot. He shall if I may cause his death; Bridget is mine, if once more in her convent?

Queen. She is.

Abbot. Now we are ripe for hell!

Queen. The devil and his daughter joined!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE FOURTH—THE PALACE.

Richard and the Lady Bride.

Lady Bride. Beloved! do not hope; my life is waning fast! too much of trial have I had; and it has pressed upon a frame, by nature all too frail: when they first took you from me, I pined, as dove pines for its mate; and then I hoped! and watched each day its sky to see that mate return: that sky was clouded with a loveless mother's will, that doomed me to a convent's grave—its Abbot's whispers, dark and drear, both brought despair.

Richard. All that is passed, dear Bridget! King Richard sanctions our fond love: within the coming

strife he will prevail, and we be free to love, as ever we have loved—life is yet strong within you—not life alone, but love, not love alone, but hope—let this sweet Rose of York twin to my Bridget—revive each sinking nerve—oft when imprisoned by bad Richmond, its breath hath spoken hope to me—I called it Bridget—its breath sustained good Jankin Stoup to peril all to give me freedom—its breath sustained dear Walkelyn ten long years in rearing me through fear and toil—its breath sustains proud, worthy hearts within the land—and will dear Bridget forget of all its breath is hers?

Bridget. I feel that I too soon for love must die. Richard, beloved, 'tis well, for living without thy love is death—and we can never wed!

Richard. Not wed, Bridget?

Bridget. Your father—is—King Richard!

Richard. Bridget!

Bridget. He——made——me——fatherless. (BRIDGET *falls, fainting, in* RICHARD'S *arms.*)

Enter WALKELYN.

Walkelyn. My children!

Richard. Father, you've taught me there's a God of mercy, and of vengeance—which does it speak for me, the murderer's son?

Walkelyn. Mercy for him! and you!

[*Curtain falls on the scene.*

SCENE FIFTH—STREET IN LONDON.

Enter Pembroke, Oxford, the Stanleys, Brandon, Bray, Citizens, Soldiers.

Pembroke. Are ye men, and still uphold the tyrant, Richard?—his crimes long passed—somewhat forgot—were not enough—listen, my friends, he now proclaims his son as his successor, Richard Fourth—will ye bear this? (*Murmur of voices is heard.*)

Citizens. No, no!

Pembroke. Raise then your voices for King Henry.

Citizens. Long live Henry Seventh!

Soldiers. Down with the tyrant, Richard!

Pembroke. Long live King Henry Seventh!

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE, *&c., &c.*

SCENE SIXTH—"BOW BRIDGE" AND "DICKON'S NOOK."

"*Where King Richard addressed his army the eve before the battle of Bosworth Field.*" *Citizens—soldiers.*

King. My friends! brave soldiers! who am I?

[*All shout, long live* KING RICHARD!

King. Give me the crown.

[*The crown is handed him*—KING *puts it on.*

King. "Dieu! et mon Droit!" who holds the traitor's name within this proud array?

[*All shout, long live* KING RICHARD.

King. (*Holding up a branch of white roses.*) Richard, my son ; and Fourth of England !

[*Voices are heard faintly crying, long live* RICHARD FOURTH!

King. To victory or death ! down with the Rose of Lancaster.

[KING, SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, *and* RABBLE *pass off, and the* SIBYL *appears on the bridge, chanting.*

Sibyl. "A golden angel now to bless thy march."

Pass on, pass on with thy gallant train,
  Thy coin is naught to me—
To-morrow will this "Stone" remain
  Alone that train to see.
That train will be an *uncrowned King*,
  A *corse* that spurned but now—
The Sibyl's curse ! ye spirits bring,
  To lay the Scorner low.
Away, away with thy pageantry !
"The Rose of York" *now dies with thee.*

[*Exit* SIBYL.

Enter RICHARD.

Richard. Alas ! my sire ! the Sibyl's eye, I fear, sees truth ; few were the voices raised for thy poor son.

Enter ABBOT OF BERMONDSEY.

Abbot. Aye ! few indeed ! and fewer still thou'lt have in future. (*Attempts to stab* RICHARD.)

Richard. Ha! vile impostor of the Cross you wear—thou who hast brought my Bridget near to death—thou who it is supposed wrought my dear mother's sleep—her sleep eternal. (RICHARD *obtains the* ABBOT'S *dagger.*)

Abbot. You're very strong for one so young.

Richard. Virtue gives strength unto the feeble—make thy peace with Heaven, bad man,—Walkelyn has told me all—thy moments now of life are few—may God have mercy on thy soul, and mine! (RICHARD *stabs the* ABBOT.)

Abbot. I did not kill your mother.

Richard. Was it the Queen, then?

Abbot. (*Faintly.*) The Queen!—Clara—plead—for—me—my God—have—mercy! (*Dies.*)

Richard. "Thou shalt not kill"—where am I—am I a murderer, too? Walkelyn! Bridget!

[RICHARD *rushes out.*

SCENE SEVENTH—PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Trumpets sound without.

Elizabeth. (*Shuddering.*) Ah! crowned heads, and hearts that woo those crowns—would ye but pause before ye give the trumpet breath—how much of wo were spared to countless ones, who echo not its tone—nor win its gifts—dear Bridget! what will be thy fate within to-morrow's hour? and thou art ill and I forbid to see thee. But I'm the daughter of a King! a line of Kings!

Shame! on my coward heart, that thrills not to the peal of victory! it does! when victory is on the shield of right—*the rights of man!* My uncle, if not the murderer of my House, has set those rights at naught. God's hand is in his fall, and I should say, Amen!

[*Noise is heard without—voices cry, To the Tower with the* LADY QUEEN.]

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen. Save me, Elizabeth!

[*Enter* OFFICERS *of* JUSTICE, SOLDIERS *and* ATTENDANTS.]

Officer. "Elizabeth! late Queen of England, and wife of Edward Fourth, we arrest you in the name of Richard Third of England, for murder of his wife, Clara Howard, with order that you be confined within the Tower, until such time as England's laws shall give you trial."

[QUEEN ELIZABETH *faints.*]

Princess Elizabeth. This charge, good sirs, is sudden and most strange.

Officers. But not less true, most noble lady. (*They raise the* QUEEN.)

Princess. I pray you, force not the Queen away! to-morrow I may be your Queen; you owe my wish some duty.

Soldiers. None! we are for Richard and his son. (*They seize the* QUEEN *and force her out.* RABBLE *shout,* "*To the Tower, to the Tower.*" ELIZABETH *sinks into the arms of her* ATTENDANTS.)

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE EIGHTH—A CAMP IN THE DISTANCE.

Enter PRINCE RICHARD.

Richard. King Richard has forbidden me to hazard these poor limbs within the coming struggle; but it shall see me at his side; deemed he Plantagenet was not within my veins? he, the proud Tree that gave those veins and limbs! (*Trumpet sounds.*) Bridget! thou hearest not that sound—beloved! the Bride of Heaven! —what has thy Richard now to lose? Welcome! sweet Death!

[*Exit.*

[*Voices shout,* "*Down with the* ROSE *of* YORK."

Enter DE MOUNTFORD *and* SOLDIERS.

De Mountford. A reinforcement!—the King's o'er-powered—he's fought as if the fiends and angels tracked his way.

[*They pass off.*

Enter KING *and* BRANDON—(*they fight.*)

King. Go! bear thy standard to the King of kings!

[BRANDON *falls.*

Enter PRINCE RICHARD.

King. My son! away! away!

[*Shout without*—"*Up with the* ROSE *of* LANCASTER"—KING *rushes out*—RICHARD *follows*—*Shouts heard without,* "*Long live* HENRY SEVENTH—*Band play a Triumphal March.*]

Enter Richmond.

Richmond. The day is ours! thanks, my faithful friends! the Tyrant is no more—give his foul corse unto the dogs.

Enter BRAY, *with the Crown—he places it on* RICHMOND—*All shout,* "*Long live* HENRY SEVENTH."

Enter DE MOUNTFORD *and* SOLDIERS *with the corse of* PRINCE RICHARD *on a bier.*

King Henry. Ah! the poor youth is gone, then!
De Mountford. Aye, aye; a ball has done its work.

Enter DUKE *of* NORFOLK, EARL *of* SURREY, ST. LEGER—*they surround the bier of* RICHARD.

Duke of Norfolk. Farewell! the last of the Plantagenets!
De Mountford. Farewell! Long live Henry Seventh!

[*Scene closes.*

SCENE NINTH—A CONVENT.

The Corse of BRIDGET *on a Bier—A Wreath of White Roses is suspended over, and a Crown upon it—Tapers are burning around it*—PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRIOR WALKELYN *are kneeling on either side the Bier—Soft Music is heard, and a Choir of Nuns chant the following Requiem:*

REQUIEM.

LADY Bride! thy course is run—
White Rose! of thy House farewell!
Thou art with the Virgin's Son—
We, her maidens, chant thy knell.
Life is but a step to Heaven—
If the heart its portal make—
Jesu! to thy arms is given
Virtue's Pearl—the offering take.
Lady Bride! thy course is run—
White Rose! of thy House farewell!
Thou art with the Virgin's Son—
We, her maidens, chant thy knell.

[*Curtain falls.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Our Drama 's o'er, and I must now appear,
To ask its hearers for their sigh and tear.
A Princess late—a wond'rous Queen to be—
I wonder if one ear will list to me.
Plain —— who has tried to say
The many words [her part] within this Play ?
Grace for its Author! she is nervous quite
About your *Verdict* this her *Trial* night.
Nonsense! what is one Play in this prolific Land,
That *steams* Books from the Head unto the Hand,
In quicker time than took our Sires to go
From "Flattenbarrack Hill"* to "Chatham Row."†
And yet these Writers think their wretched brains,
Diamonds, and Pearls, and golden scattered grains.
Think ye so too? then show your generosity—
And say "*Plantagenet* is worth some Pence to see."
Our Author loves old England for its lore—
Its Knight [*with Lance in rest*] its Troubadour—
Its ivied Towers—"*that one*," Tradition says,
In which the "British Virgil"‡ sang his Lays—

* "Flattenbarrack Hill," (Dutch) now Exchange street.
† "Chatham Row," the location of the Park Theatre.
‡ "The British Virgil," a genealogical tree in the author's family —traces a descent from the *Poet Dryden*, who married *Lady Elizabeth Howard*, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire.

"And that dark Pile,"* where Pride and Memory keep
Their Vigil round the urns of those who sleep—
Poor dust with dust, (yet 'tis Ambition fair,
For Mind to wish to hang its Garland there.)
She loves old England—but she loves far better
Her native land! would sing about it—let her!
There, all are *Queens* Victoria! each Baby—
A *President* to be! peut-être—or may-be.
Crowns are fine things! they are of various kind—
Within your hands shall *one* our Author find?

* "And that dark pile," (Westminster Abbey.) John Plinderhath, a relative of the author, has a monument in Westminster Abbey. He served in the Peninsular War, under the Duke of Wellington—was killed and buried at "Coimbra," Spain.

JOURNAL,

Of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, who first married John Earl Grey, and afterwards Edward Fourth of England. It was found in Drummond Castle.

MONDAY MORNING. Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows. Rachel, the other dairy maid, having scalded her hand, made a poultice for Rachel, and gave Robin a farthing to get her something comfortable from the apothecary.

SIX O'CLOCK. The beef too much boiled, and the ale a little of the sourest.

Memorandum. Talk to the cook about the first, and mend the other myself, by tapping a new barrel.

SEVEN O'CLOCK. Went to walk with my lady mother in the Park. Fed twenty-five men and women—chid Roger for expressing ill-will at attending me with broken meat.

EIGHT O'CLOCK. Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy—caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of six miles, without saddle or bridle.

TEN O'CLOCK. Went to dinner—John Grey, a most comely youth—but what is that to me?—a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John Grey eat but little, and stole a great many under glances at me—said a woman could not be handsome who was not good-tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable—no one finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving man in the house. John Grey likes white teeth—my teeth are a pretty good color—and my hair as black as jet. John Grey, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

Eleven o'clock. The company desirous of walking in the fields after dinner. John Grey would lift me over all the stiles, and twice squeezed my hand. I have no affection for John Grey, but he plays as well at Prison Bars as any of the country gentry.

Four o'clock. Went to prayers.

Six o'clock. Fed pigs and poultry. Supper delayed till seven o'clock.

Nine o'clock. Company sleepy—these late hours disagreeable. Went to bed, and dreamed of John Grey.